

That Queen Mary Coiffure Was Too Many for Pete

Drawn for The Washington Times

By C. L. Sherman



Adventures IN Married Life

What the Jordans' Garden Did

"GOODNESS ME!" said the little old lady, "love and a due reverence of duty are all mighty well for the real works of a matrimonial alliance, but it certainly takes a few little interests in common to lubricate the places of daily friction and keep the real works going."

"Just look how the Jordans' garden is growing," continued she, apparently very irrelevantly. Through the open window the little old lady could just catch sight of the Jordans' garden just at the end of way "down our street." There wasn't much on that street that the little old lady didn't eventually catch sight of—for what she didn't see we came, in the end, and told her.

"Goodness me!" said the little old lady again. "The Lord knew what he was about when he invented gardens. That garden of the Jordans spoiled a nice little case of separation as could be. You see, those Jordans loved each other when they were married. The trouble was they didn't have any interests in common to sort of cement them together during that difficult time after the honeymoon is over and before they have lived together long enough to be welded together by habit."

"It wasn't very long after the honeymoon was over that both began to realize that they weren't as happy as they expected to be. Neither could tell just what was the matter. There wasn't anything on which you could put your finger and say this is wrong or that is wrong, but they just gradually began to grow apart."

"For a time they still kept up all the little forms of affection—each for a time believing that things were unchanged with the other—but the old spirit wasn't there. Gradually the little observances of love were left off. One morning Jordan was late, and left the house in such haste he didn't kiss Mrs. Jordan good-bye."

"That night her greeting from the top of the stepladder with her mouth full of curtain pins was ostensibly cordial. In reality she knew and he knew it was but a subterfuge to avoid the perfunctory kiss of the customary evening salutation. The next morning Jordan waved his good-bye from the gate with elaborate casualness."

Stayed Downtown Nights

"Jordan stayed downtown nights. Mrs. Jordan hunted up her girl friends, and Jordan observed his staying away made no difference. So things went on until a word or a look would have started them off on separate ways for all time."

"Now, neither one of these young people wanted to grow apart. They had nice, sensible, right sort of ideas about married people and married life. They knew things were wrong, and down in their hearts each longed for the other and passionately wanted things to go right, but either was too proud to acknowledge to the other that they noticed anything wrong, lest the other should not meet the overture half way."

"Then Jordan got sick." The little old lady smiled complacently to herself. "Liver, man," said the doctor, "you don't need medicine—exercise! Get out in that back yard of yours. Make a garden—dig!"

"So Jordan started to dig around in his garden. Mrs. Jordan watched him from the kitchen window. Jordan began to be interested—planned a real garden—Mrs. Jordan throwing a suggestion how and then of things to plant. By and by both were interested. Jordan hoed, Mrs. Jordan raked."

"They answered the alluring call of the soil and, like children, forgetting pride, differences, separation, dug in the warm, brown earth."

"Digging together to make things grow, unconsciously, insensibly, they grew together again."

"And let me tell you," said the little old lady, out of the wisdom she had accumulated in the many, many years of her life's adventures, "there's no ingrowing fancied wrong or hurt pride or black mood that an 'outgrowing' of green things can't cure. Vegetables! Heavens, the earth gave back to the Jordans peace of mind, happiness and deep content, and all they did was just to dig!"

The little old lady paused, and then began something suspiciously like a grin—just as if she suspected the purpose formulating in my mind as she gathered up my things—for I knew what I was going to do. I was going home and DIG!

The Turned Backs; Or, Thorny! Thorny!

He and she had been quarreling. They had turned their backs upon each other. It was sad to see so black a cloud on so perfect a silver lining.

"Come, come, make up," said the



fair young woman's mother, herself a handsome, well-preserved matron and not at all made up. "What are you quarreling about, anyhow?"

"I-I don't know," confessed the young man. "She—she probably knows."

"I can't remember exactly, either," the beautiful girl admitted, "but whatever it was he started it."

"Nothing of the kind," he protested. "You started it—whatever it was."

"I didn't. You did."

"I didn't. You did."

And so, now having really something to quarrel about, they again turned their backs upon each other.

With One in the Audience
"Look here," exclaimed young Mr. Cotter Tartar, in desperation, "is this or is it not a wedding tour?"

"Why, of course," snapped young Mrs. C. T. "It's our wedding tour. What on earth do you think it was?"

"Well, I'm beginning to think it's a lecture tour. Now cut it out; see!"

Reddy Smith On The Woman Who Learned

Did you notice de one dat jes passed, de wun wid de light hair an de blue eyes, de pretty one?

I feels sorry fur her, Jimmie; but it's her own fault dat she's sad.

You see, Jimmie, she always had uh lot uv fellers. She loved dem all an played dem fur all dey was worth.

Wun day she meets uh quiet-lookin' feller dat 'cumes smitten wid her. She thinks she loves him an' so it goes on.

Dey lived uh long distance uppart, an' he wurked hard an' saved an' was true to her, an' she run uhroun' wid every feller dat cum uhlong. Den he finds it out.

He forgives her, an' she starts over uhgain. But, she 'jes played an' played wid him, an' he sees thru it all an' has nuthin' more to do wid her.

Not long afterwards, she finds out dat he was de best uv all her fellers, but she finds it out too late, fur he's married uh good little home-lovin' gurl an' is settled down.

Dat's why she's sad, Jimmie—cause she learned dat good clothes, an' diamonds an' money aint all in uh person's life, an' she learned it hard!

Might Go Both Ways
Anxious Old Woman—I say, my good man, is this boat going up or down?

Deck hand—Well, she's a leaky old tub, mum, so I shouldn't wonder if she was going down. But then, again, her b'lters aint none too good, so she might go up.

A Comparison
"A horse is man's truest friend," said the lover of animals.

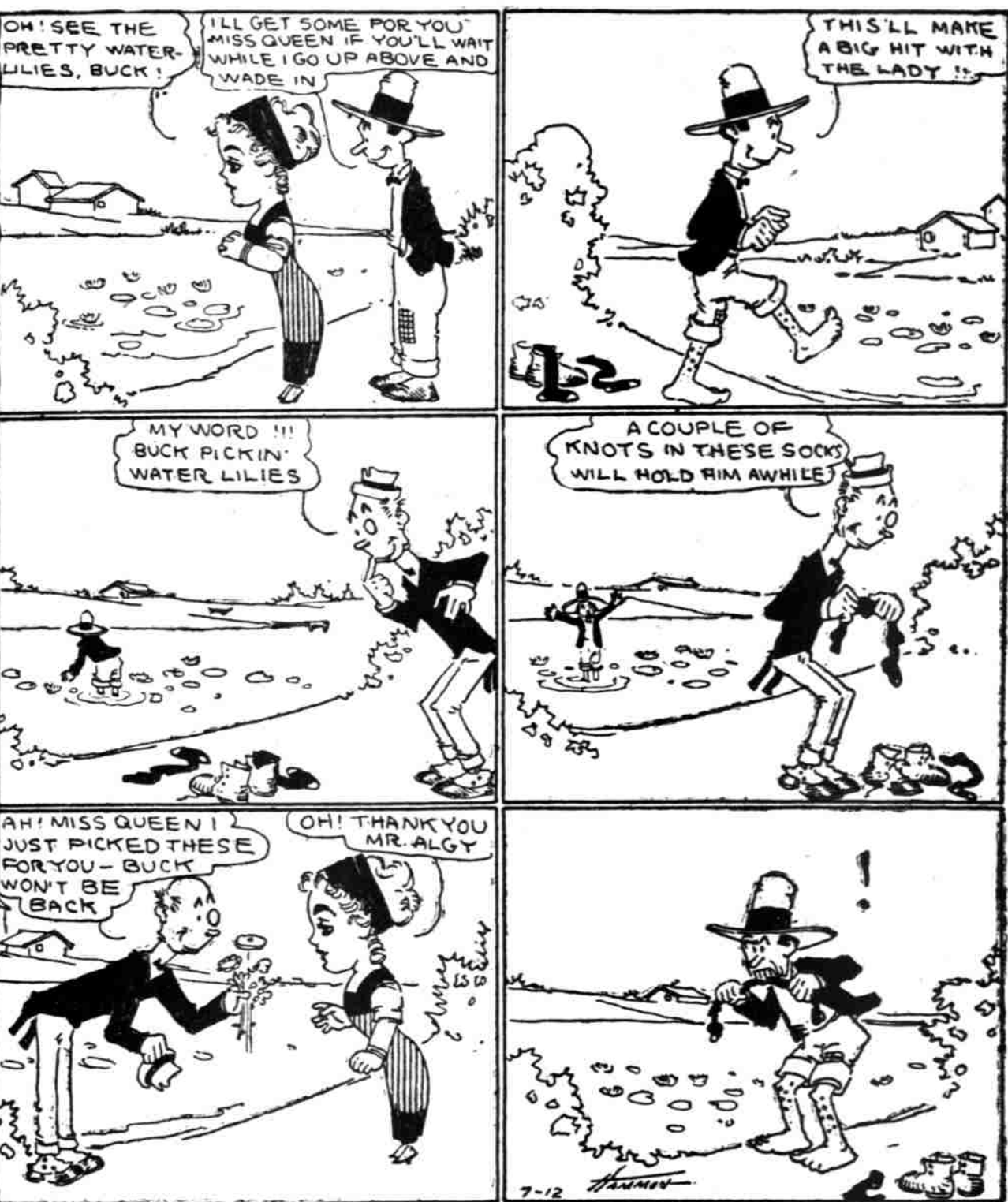
"He's more like a relation than a friend," replied Farmer Cornstossel.

"He makes me think of my boy John; allus ready to eat an' liable to kick if you put him to work."

By JAMES H. HAMMON Drawn for The Washington Times

ALGY

He Slips One Over
On a Rival



Loretta's Looking Glass

SEE HOLDS IT UP TO THE
MAN WHO DOUBLE DEALS



"MY DEAR LORETTA: Won't you please say a few of the cutting things you know so well how to write about the man who keeps coming to see a girl and acting like a lover, but never proposes. I don't think it's fair, when a man knows that the girl has to wait for him to make the advances, for him to take advantage of the fact and defer speaking the words he ought to say. I really believe this man loves me; and I think he has an idea that if he keeps dodging is a favorite one of the Double Dealer. He has worked it so often that he does it well."

To be quite clear, I think he is a marplot, and the situation is literally shrieking for strenuous action on your part. Invite him to desist in his monopolistic

Very sincerely,
"WAITING ONE."

This is such a common MAN QUESTION. And like all the others, it, too, is a WOMAN QUESTION. If I could only force into one girl's head the truth that it is hers to control the world of courtship and love, but that she MUST manage it or go under, I should feel happy. This man is a DOUBLE DEALER. And the reason he can be so is because you and other girls LET him. He cannot continue to take you about, treat you as a lover, and then not propose IF YOU WILL NOT GO WITH HIM.

I know where the shoe pinches. You LOVE him. And you keep hoping that he will come to the point. Well, he WON'T. He is one of the selfish absorbers who soak up privileges and

FOR EXCUSES
"Do you have oratory in your campaigns?"

"Some," replied the political boss.

"Just enough to enable the people who vote our way to give some sort of an excuse for it."

NO TIME YET
Mrs. Younge—My husband promised me that I should never hear a harsh word from him in all of our married life and I never have.

Mrs. Oldun—H'm! How long have you been married?

Mrs. Younge—Let me see. Just two days and four hours.

BETTER FISH IN THE SEA
Personally, I think the only thing that he deserves is a harpoon with a sharp and wounding point. But you—well, I know girls! You would fling yourself into his tentacles for life—if he would but ask you. And when he has you and squeezes the very life out of you with his selfish exactions, you will whimper and beg to be released from the grasp of the devil-fish. Oh! woman! woman! woman! what a queer, dear creature you are! But don't be a fool about THIS PARTICULAR MAN. He isn't worth it. There are lots of better fish in the sea than octopuses!

FRIENDSHIP
The Bruised—You shouldn't have knocked me down the way you did. Why, I thought you were a good friend, Bill!

Bill—Well, if I hadn't been a good friend I'd a killed you.

OUR DEVIL WONDERS
If there is a time clock in the next world; 'cause if there is, he says it won't be heaven. Won't it be—What?

FEATHERS FROM THE
BIRD OF WIT

ENGLISH JOKE FOR TODAY
What is described as "a clockwork cook" has been invented. "The new machine," we are told, "will perform one complete revolution a minute for ninety-five minutes without receiving any attention whatever." There should be a great demand for this in South America.—Punch.

AT HIS WORD
"Daughter, did I not see you sitting on that young man's lap when I passed the parlor door last evening?"

"Yes, and it was very embarrassing. I wish you had not told me to."

"Good heavens! I never told you to do anything of the kind!"

"You did. You told me that if he attempted to get sentimental I must sit on him."

GOOD SALESMAN
"He's a financial genius. Split a cup of coffee over a fellow's colored trousers."

"And got out of paying for the trousers, eh?"

"Why, he talked the other fellow into paying for the coffee."

NO USE
"Here's a terrible misprint, sir. I called Jim Sweet a practical politician, and the typesetter has made it 'piratical.' Shall we stop the presses?"

Editor—I guess not. There's so little difference.

Mamie —TELLS— Belle

That Folks Just Hate to Pay Fares

I f the golden gates are closed, Belle, to all the people that think it's honest to look the other way when the trolley car conductor tries to catch their eye, poor old St. Peter can't have much company. I'll bet if all the people in this country that never cheated a conductor out of his fare in their lives were to form a club, it'd be the most exclusive organization in the world. Every member could be an officer.

It must be this soulless corporation business, Belle. People have read so much about the heartless, grasping trolley corporations and how they love to take away some o' the seats in the cars every night without even puttin' in extra straps, that finally they get the idea into their heads it'd be a real crime to let the conductor have a nickel if by any possible way they can freeze onto it and use it for some really useful purpose later on.

If you're only clever enough, you can get on to all sorts o' ways to make the conductor feel he's insultin' you by lookin' at you in that fare-please manner, when as a matter o' fact you've still got your nickel squeezed into the palm o' your hand with that death grip that on'y comes with long practice.

One or Two of the Dodges
Take the look-through-him-method, for instance. That's one o' the most pop'l'ar ones. It's handy in crowded cars, after the conductor's been around sev'ral times and can't remember whether he's captured your nickel or not. He'll look at you with that sort o' half pitiful, half threatenin' look, and start to say, "Did I get yours?" Then you look right through him and shut him up forever. It's not an insultin' look or anything o' that sort, Belle. The beauty of it is that it has no expression whatever. But it says plainer than words the question o' fare is so far from your mind that anybody darin' to bring up the subject is liable to instant arrest. The poor conductors fall for it every time.

Then there's the rather bothersome way o' movin' through the car when you see the conductor comin', as if you're goin' to get off. When you get to the end the conductor started from, you stop, knowin' he's already collected down there and prob'ly won't be back again until the car's got as far as you want to go. And if the worst comes to the worst, and he does come back, it won't hurt you to walk a few squares.

ACCORDING TO SAMMY
We've got a kat at our house, wich is awl the time havin' kittins. Its a black kat, but its kittins are awl kul-lira, evin yello.

It wood be awl rite if it only had 1 kittin, but it genrilly has a hole basket-full, sumtimes 7, and sumtimes 8 and sometimes 9. Pop sed if she ever had them—agen he was going to get rid of her, and hear she went and had them agen last week.

This is the last straw, sed pop. As soon as we get rid of these confoundid kittins, he sed, we will get rid of this confoundid kat. I dont want any kat that dont no won't to stop. Every time you tern around theres a new brood.

Wat They Have
Kats dont have broods, sed ma, they have littins.

I dont care wat they have, sed pop, thare not going to have them around hear any moar.

The trouble with our kat is she leaves her kittins awl ovir the house as if they was sumbody eles kittins insted of keepin' them down the seller were they belong.

This mornin' I wook up and sum-boddy was hollerin'. It was pop and he was holdin' up a kittin by the neck. It was a wite and black kittin.

In my shoe, pop hollerid, in my shoe. Aint that fine, havin' a kittin in my shoe in the mornin'.

Any animule that has no moar respect for its awspirin' than to leave them errand in peeples shoes in the mornin' awt to be put out of its misery, he sed, and Ive got a good mind to send the animule waggin up after that kat today.

O, dont do that, Henry, sed ma, weve had that kat almost 8 years now, and Id hate to do anythin' like that. It seems crool.

Well, Id like to have a dollir for evry kitten that kat has had, sed pop. The animule is krazy on the subject.

Another Find
Jest then he went to get a kollir, and he sed, Hah, a kittin in my kollir boots. Im thro. That kat dyes.

And pop held up anuthir kittin, wich was yello with black specks.

O, Henry, I wish youd have a little payshunse with her, sed ma. Payshunse, sed pop, payshunse. I tell you any kat that wood put her kittins awl ovir the house as if they was sumbody eles kittins insted of keepin' them down the seller were they belong.

Then he went down town, and evry time a waggin kums to the door ma hides the kat in the kloze basket and runs to the windo to see if it is the kat waggin, but if its Ruming it hasenet got hear yet.

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Our Grocery Clerk Says, Some Chatter

It's a harder job than I thought to keep old man Gordon on as a regular. He's the eccentric old guy that I captured the other day by telling him that he might kid me but he couldn't string

beans, after he'd warbled that I mustn't give the apple sauce.

It seems that he's dippy on that kind of pun lingo, and I'm afraid if I can't come back at him every time he'll get sore and take his trade up the street. And it's some trade. He started again today.

"You're a smart young man, Slug," he pipes, winking at me across the counter, "but you can't beet sugar."

"I guess you've got the best of me, Mr. Gordon," I tells him, "but you can't whip cream."

Maybe I wasn't right there, eh? But I'm afraid some time I might fall down on one o' 'em and it would be just like the old man to get mad.

